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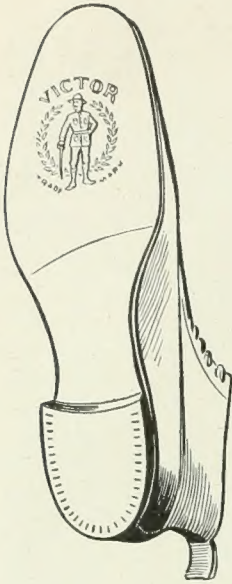
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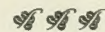
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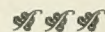
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St. Andrew's College Review

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VOL. I.

TORONTO, DECEMBER, 1901.

NO. 2

St. Andrew's College Review.

As this is only the second issue of the Review it would not be out of place to add something to what has already been said in the first issue concerning the nature of the paper.

In the first place this paper is edited and managed entirely by the boys themselves, no master holding any position upon the staff; thus all the responsibility of the paper falls upon the boys, whereas, if some of the chief offices were confined to masters, the boys would be very apt to look to them as assuming all the responsibility, and it would cease to be a boys' paper, and feeling this, the boys would be inclined to lose their interest in it. Then the only contributors are the boys themselves, and although the contributions will contain no high literary flavor, such as might flow from the pen of a master, yet the boys will have the satisfaction of knowing it is entirely their own work.

Like most papers of its class, it contains a summary of the history of different first teams, with descriptions of the different matches played during the seasons. The second teams also receive mention. There is the history of the literary and other societies of the school from term to term, and descriptions of the various social functions given in the college, which form such an enjoyable part of college life, besides remarks upon the doings of some of our prominent members and other incidental college news. As well as this each number will contain a few short stories written by pupils, which are judged to be of sufficient merit for insertion.

From this it will be perceived that every pupil has a chance for the honor of having an essay of his inserted in the paper, and if he takes a proper interest in it, he should be stimulated to greater literary effort. Thus the boys are given an experience in writing, editing and managing a paper, and this ex-

perience is always useful, whether in business or professional life. The paper is also intended to give an enjoyable half-hour in reading to the boy or even to the older person who is interested in boys and college life, and who perhaps may be reading these pages to recall somewhat more vividly than he is wont the pleasant days of his own college life.

Of course we wish this paper to be a success, but to attain this end the boys must help the editors and managers in their work by their hearty interest and support. Since the first issue of this paper last spring, which I may say was a very successful number, fully fifty boys have been added to the attendance of the college, and the literary merit and success of the paper must keep step with the success of the College. It will be the aim of the officers of the paper to make each number more interesting and successful than the last and if the rest of the school supports them with its hearty interest and co-operation we may look forward to many a pleasant and successful issue in the future.

A Christmas Bet.

It was a cold night about the middle of October, when the officers of the First Natal Volunteers were engaging in a game of poker in the sitting-room of one of the small houses situated on the outskirts of the city of Pretoria.

The men were just beginning to enjoy the warmth of the fire that was blazing in the room, when a knock sounded at the door, and Lieut. Wilson arose and opened it, when, to his astonishment, he was confronted by a Dutch farmer.

It did not take him long to make his mission known; he told the officer that a Boer spy was hiding in one of his barns situated on his farm, which was about five miles away, and he had come to take the troops

to his place and show them the place where the spy was concealed, providing they gave him a good reward for his information.

After mustering a squad of thirty men, Lieut. Wilson and party set off under the guidance of the farmer on their weary march of five miles, and as the night was a cold one and a heavy hail-storm was in progress, the men hung their rifles over their shoulders and turned up the collars of their heavy winter coats.

They had gone a distance of about three miles, when, as if by magic, a large force of men set upon them from each side of the road, and before the officers could draw their revolvers, or the men get their rifles, they were surrounded, a number of men at the front of the line were shot down before they had time to realize what had occurred.

Lieut. Wilson saw at once that it would be useless to show any resistance, as the Boers numbered three to their one. He immediately surrendered, and handed his sword over to one of the Boers who came forward, and who evidently, although he did not look like one, commanded the Boers.

The men one by one surrendered and gave up their arms, and were marched off, each of them vowing vengeance on the traitor who had led them into the trap.

After a march of about twelve miles they met another large Boer commando, which was camping there for the night. The officer of the company that had captured them decided to spend the remainder of the night there also, and after showing Lieut. Wilson and the other three officers under his command, a small room in one of the small buildings in the village, left them for the night, leaving a man at the door to guard them.

The British officers did not feel much in the humor for sleep that night, and as there was a small fire burning in a grate in the corner of the room, they sat around it on the floor and discussed the situation.

After thinking of every manner of escape they decided to go to sleep, fully expecting to see the inside of a Boer prison before many hours had passed. The last words of Corporal Kelly, before he laid down to go to sleep, was that he bet five pounds that the four of them would eat their Christmas dinner in their own quarters at Pretoria.

Lieut. Wilson said that he would take him, and with this they went to sleep.

When they awoke in the morning, what was their astonishment to find the corporal gone and the Boers in a state of excitement over the loss of their prisoner.

After a meal of bread and water, they were taken out and placed under a guard and started on the march again.

They had been on the way about an hour, when they began to notice a dark speck on the veldt behind them, and this gradually grew larger, until a troop of about five hundred horsemen could be clearly made out. The Boers immediately got ready to attack should they turn out to be a foe. When they were about half a mile away the khaki uniforms could be clearly distinguished, and the Boers opened fire, but on the British came as if they were riding on parade, until they were right on top of the enemy, and the Boers fled in every direction, but the loss to the cavalry had been terrible, about fifty of them being killed or wounded.

After the confusion was over, Wilson was making his way to where the colonel of the cavalry was standing, when he ran right into Corporal Kelly, who, after explaining how he had escaped and met the cavalry regiment on his way back to Pretoria, declared that the five pounds was his, as he thought they would be able to have their dinner in Pretoria after all.

While they were burying the dead, one of the men happened to notice among the Boer slain the spy that had led them into the trap and caused so much trouble.

It was late that night when they arrived back at headquarters, and they all slept better than the previous night, at all events they did not have the thoughts of spending a year in a Boer prison.

—D. C. Alexander.

St. Andrew's-Upper Canada College Match.

Upper Canada College defeated St. Andrew's College at Upper Canada College grounds on Tuesday, 5th of November, by a score of three to one.

The game was a good exhibition of football, and although occasionally there were some fumbles and muffs, yet on the whole it was a fine game, the closest Upper Canada College had played for years. The teams were very evenly matched. U.C.C. had a good back division, Morrison at centre-half playing a fine game, and on the wing line, Clarkson, Davidson and Lash were very conspicuous. For St. Andrew's, Housser on the half line played a splendid game, Strachan at quarter did good work, bucking and passing well, and of the wings, Fergusson, Cantley and Smith played a very effective game.

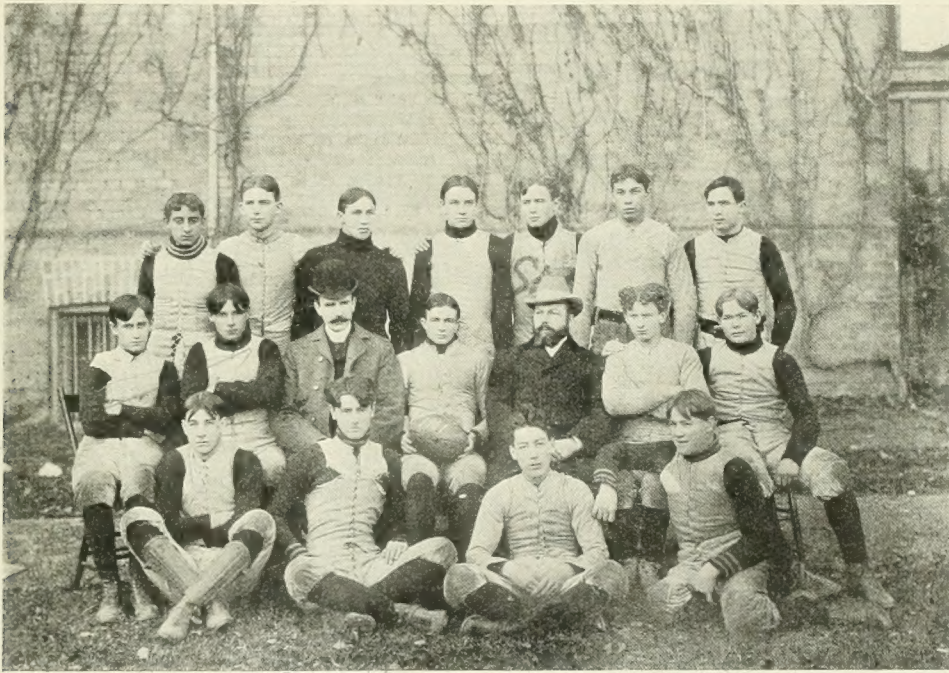
The officials, Referee Wright and Umpire Baldwin, gave complete satisfaction to both teams. The arrangements of the grounds were excellent, no one but players and officials being allowed inside of a rope stretched about three yards from the touch line and running parallel to it. The St. Andrew's College boys lined up on the south side and the U.C.C. supporters on the north side of the field.

Upper Canada College won the toss and chose to kick with the slope and whatever wind there was. In the kick-off Fergusson dribbled, but U.C.C. got the ball. Then from their scrimmage Morrison punted well down the field and Follet caught it, but he did not run far till he was brought down. Soon St. Andrew's, near their own goal, obtained a

pushed the following scrimmage over the line for a safety touch.

Fergusson at quarter way, made a fake kick and a good run to nearly half way, and after several scrimmages the ball was kicked into touch, near Upper Canada's goal, but Morrison relieved by a good punt, which McIntyre caught and made a fine rush. Then from a fake kick (St. Andrew's having been given a free kick near U.C.C. goal) Housser tried a drop over and the goal judge signified it was over, but afterwards he changed his decision and Housser was given the kick over again, this time putting it over Upper Canada's dead line. After a couple of minutes' play half-time was called, with the score three to one in Upper Canada's favor.

G. P. Saunders.



free kick, and by a fake kick and scrimmages gained a good deal. However, Upper Canada obtaining the ball, punted over St. Andrew's dead line.

Then from quarter way S.A.C. dropped the ball a good distance, and after a series of scrimmages Upper Canada College got a free kick and punted well down the field, but McIntyre returned it to about centre. Here the play continued for quite a while, till Housser got the ball and made a good run. But U.C.C., by a couple of long punts, succeeded in getting the ball in touch near St. Andrew's goal, and getting the ball from the throw in,

THE SECOND HALF.

The score at the end of the first half was 3-1 in favor of U.C.C. S.A.C. now had the wind and were going down hill. The blue and white in their kick-off made a short kick along the line to Morrison, who was tackled by McFayden. Then Fergusson, in trying to steal the ball, was caught off-side, and Morrison kicked to McIntyre, who returned into touch. In the throw-in U.C.C. got the ball, scrimmaged it out to Morrison, who punted into touch near S.A.C. goal. By a couple of scrimmages the play was brought to the

twenty-five-yard line; but U.C.C. was awarded a free kick. The clever man who was given the ball, thinking to fool the wily visitors by something entirely new, set the ball in play by touching it to his knee and passed to Morrison, who made a poor drop, which was intended to score five points, but which only went half-way to the posts. By some neat passing and short runs the crimson and gold brought the leather up to the half-way line, and in the scrimmage which followed, Lash was found off-side and S.A.C. took a free kick. Morrison returned to Follet, who muffed, but Housser secured the ball and had a scrimmage very near his own goal line. Strachan, thinking this a time for action, bucked the line for a substantial gain and from the scrimmage passed the ball out to Housser, who sprinted around the line and carried the play up about ten yards farther, but was unfortunately laid out for a short time. At this point McIntyre received the ball from scrimmage and punted to Morrison, who made his mark and then kicked to Follet, who made his mark. Fergusson followed up Follet's kick and downed the man almost as soon as he recovered the ball.

Then the ball was scrimmaged up and down short distances till the whistle blew, both teams gave three cheers, and the game was over, leaving the score three to one in favor of U.C.C., as no score was made in the second half.

The teams and officials then went into the building to be refreshed by hot coffee, after which the visitors were driven home, feeling that they would like a return match to be played.

Lash was the strongest man on the field, but he had nothing to do with the ball except on one or two occasions when he broke away.

Morrison handled the ball perhaps more than anyone else, doing practically all the kicking for U.C.C.

Fergusson played a very strong game all through, and Housser was always in the right place.

The game was a keen contest from beginning to end, and although there was too much scrimmaging from the spectators' point of view, this was pretty well counter-balanced by the number of free kicks awarded.

The New Boy.

The new boy is not unlike some birds, of a gregarious disposition, as is readily seen as these self-styled unfortunates congregate in the halls, et cetera, some standing or leaning

against the walls as if his whole future depended on his ability to hold it up, or as if it was his one and only means of support, while some, with hands dug deeply into pockets, change restlessly from one foot to another, and speculate as to their future, while over their angelic countenance (Providence has, until the last term, been usually kind to our new pupils in that respect), flit at times that far-away look (you all know what that means), and if their real thoughts were but known, I am sure they would one and all revert to the scenes of their childhood. And while the innerman is making himself felt, that insatiable longing comes for home and mother, along with a good four pounds of nice, tender, juicy, well-done steak. But alas! what vain imaginings; there is the sound of a bell, a rush, and he is rudely awakened and borne along to answer some roll-call or some such beastly invention.

Although of various types the new boy is on his first arrival quite subdued and a rather awkward piece of mechanism. Even the otherwise hard and imperturbable one with his scornful and self-satisfied air is awed into submissive humility by the entire strangeness of his surroundings, the curious and sometimes even fierce looks of some of the old boys, and the calm, placid, awe-inspiring gaze of some of our noble masters.

While the other type, the quite harmless one torn from the quiet, uneventful life of a cosy home, where he had been the ideal of indulgent parents and of admiring sisters, where his every wish was at once gratified, and now to be cast into a prison-like building, alone and friendless, amongst a lot of rough, noisy boys, was simply terrible, so there he stands, with his vacant, appealing stare, waiting in vain, perhaps, for some kind-hearted boy to come and cause him to take a more favorable view of things.

But in conclusion I might say, that though at first the new boy may appear somewhat queer, in time it all wears off and he becomes one of the bright, healthy, rollicking boys for which our own college is so widely famed.

Social Life at St. Andrew's.

Last year at St. Andrew's College a Literary Society was formed to meet once a week during the winter months, for the purpose of making a pleasant break in the daily routine of college life and providing an interesting and instructive evening for the boys. The society of last year was a great success, many profitable and enjoyable evenings being

spent, and so everyone looked forward with great pleasure to the time when it should be reorganized for this winter.

A meeting of the school was held on Sept. 18th to reorganize the Literary Society for the winter and the following officers for the year were appointed:

Honorary President—Rev. D. B. Macdonald, M. A.

President.—W. A. Findlay, B. A.

1st Vice-President.—H. B. Housser.

2nd Vice-President.—J. L. Fergusson.

Secretary.—C. Cantley.

On the following Friday evening, the first open meeting was held when the boys had the pleasure of listening to Mr. Leon French, mimic and ventriloquist, from Jamestown, N. Y. At the following meetings we were entertained by instrumental solos, gramophone selections, readings and addresses, last but not least being the address delivered by Willmott, Ma. The Literary Society of 1901 has up to the present been a splendid success and gives every indication of continuing this success in future. It has been ably managed and at every meeting something new and interesting has been provided for the entertainment of the boys and their guests. The success of the society in the future will depend largely upon the way in which the boys co-operate with the officers in their endeavors to make the evenings as enjoyable as possible.

The most important social event this fall was the informal dance given on the evening of Friday, November 22nd, by Principal and Mrs. Macdonald. Of course this evening was long anticipated with great pleasure, both by the boys and by the guests. On the appointed evening, the weather was not all that could be desired, but this did not deter the guests from coming and thoroughly enjoying the evening.

At the close of the afternoon-school, the boys removed most of the chairs from the prayer hall to the verandah, then the partition between the first and third forms was taken down and the desks removed, to clear a ball room. A large number of palms were then artistically arranged about the rooms and the hallway. After tea a number of the boys did their best to put the floor of the ballroom in good condition.

By half past six everyone was employed in making himself look as presentable as possible. About eight o'clock the guests began to arrive and were received by Mr. and Mrs. Macdonald in the reception room. The guests continued to come in large numbers and be-

fore long the rooms were crowded. The boys were soon busily engaged in the pleasant occupation of filling up their programmes. A piano was placed in one of the alcoves of the ballroom and at about half past eight the music and dancing began and continued until a late hour. All the boys did their best to make the evening as enjoyable as possible for the guests and judging from the remarks of appreciation which were heard, they evidently succeeded.

Ourselves.

Boys who have at St. Andrew's worked,
And who from Rugby have never shirked,
Boys who have round the touch-line lurked,

Listen, pray, to me.

We've got some boys to be proud of now,
We're not as tame as a Jersey cow,
Though we never kick up too much of a row,
We're all 'way up in G.

When our first team has a game to win,
'Tis held by us an awful sin
Not to go with them and cheer till they win,
And yell for S.A.C.

When our head proclaims a holiday,
Then we begin to feel jolly and gay,
Sorrows and sickness soon vanish away,

There follows a roar like the sea.
Each Friday brings on our social meet,
The juniors fight to get a front seat,
The speakers tremble upon their feet,

The rest laugh loud in glee.
With winter comes the large At Home.
Round the refreshments the greedy ones roam,
Their hair again gets its annual comb,
'Tis very fair to see.

We were really surprised that the Major
had such trouble finding his wife, but his
natural good looks soon found him another.

Her Second Position.

It was at the Freshmen's Annual Dance. Clifford was standing at the door watching the merry couples moving around, when he felt a slight touch on his arm, and looking round observed a friend of his.

"Come on, Clifford," he said, "I want to introduce you to some young ladies."

Clifford went along and was introduced to Miss Hunting, a pretty girl who was in the third year.

"May I see your programme, Miss Hunting?" he asked.

"Certainly," she answered.

Clifford put down his name for three or four dances and then handed it back.

"I never give more than two dances, Mr. Clifford," she said, looking at the programme.

"Do you never make exceptions?" asked Clifford.

"Never," she answered, "you may have the 6th and 9th."

"Thank you," he said.

He then excused himself, and following his friend, was introduced to a sufficient number of young ladies to enable him to fill his programme and enjoy himself immensely.

Raymond Clifford was a tall, well built, good-looking young man, and was heir to an enormous fortune. He was in his first year at college, and became very popular in the circles in which he moved.

Irene Hunting took a strong dislike to Clifford, telling her friends that "He was altogether too forward with strangers." She had lost both her parents and was left with her uncle as her sole guardian, and very little money. This she decided to spend in a university course, and then to try to get a position of teacher in a ladies' school.

Irene and Clifford kept meeting each other nearly every day, much to the disgust of Irene, who tried to avoid him whenever she could, even refusing invitations to places where she knew that Clifford was going.

Irene left Harvard the next year, hoping never to see Clifford again, while he stayed at the college for two years longer, hoping for the time when they would meet again. Two years of hoping passed, and it must be said that Irene had forgotten that there was such a person as Clifford. He, however, had been thinking of her constantly, and had seen by a newspaper that she had obtained a position in his native city, Rochester.

That year Clifford left Harvard and took his father's place in his business. One day he was out driving with a friend on one of the suburban roads when he saw a horse coming full speed towards them, with the reins dangling on the ground, and rightly guessed that it was a runaway. Clifford had about two minutes to decide what to do. He stopped the horse in the middle of the road and throwing the reins to his friend, jumped up on the seat of his rig, and as the runaway was beside them, gave one leap and landed beside the terrified occupant. It did not take him very long to master the horse, and he soon had him well under control.

On looking round he was very surprised to see the pale face of Miss Hunting.

"Really, Mr. Clifford, I cannot tell you how thankful I am to you," she said.

"It was nothing," he replied, "nothing at all."

"Do you call risking your life nothing?" she asked.

He did not answer, and leaving his horse with his friend to drive, he escorted Miss Hunting to her home. They did not speak at all on the way, both were thinking, but on arriving outside her apartments, Miss Hunting said, "I will not ask you in to-day, as I cannot talk, but will you come tomorrow?"

"With the greatest of pleasure," he answered.

Clifford did call the next day, and for many days after, and many boxes of flowers mysteriously found their way to Miss Hunting's apartments.

One day on calling, Clifford found her in a very agitated state of mind.

"Why, Irene, what is the matter?" he asked.

"Well," she said, "I have been finding my eyes troubling me for a long time, and on consulting an oculist, he told me that they would give out completely unless I gave them a year's rest at least, or more."

"Why, that is not very long," said Clifford, "the rest would do you good."

"It would not matter to some people," said Irene sorrowfully.

Clifford saw his mistake and determined to try and make amends for it.

"Irene," he said, "for a long time I have been wanting to ask you a question, but thinking you would not leave your teaching and feared a refusal Irene, I love you, will you become my teacher, and try and keep me in order?"

"Yes, Raymond," she said, "if you want me."

Clifford did want her, and he lost no time in getting the consent of Irene's uncle and of his father. That year they were married, very quietly, only a few intimate friends and relatives being asked.

Many years after they were sitting on their verandah with their children—a fine boy and girl—playing around them.

"Irene, are you happy," asked Clifford.

"Yes, dear, very happy," she answered.

Here we will leave them.

We are all very sorry that Reddy was unable to take part in the Vth Form play. He would have made a pretty girl.

The Tour of the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York.

It was on the sixteenth day of March, nineteen hundred and one, at four o'clock in the afternoon, that the Royal Yacht Ophir steamed out of Portsmouth harbour, bearing the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York on their visit to the British Dominions beyond the sea.

The Ophir now steamed for Gibraltar, where their Royal Highnesses arrived on the twentieth of May. After spending a few days there, the Ophir started for Malta, Port Said, Raen and Singapore. On April 23rd

After the members of Parliament had been sworn in by Lord Hopetown, the Governor-General, the Duke and Duchess left for New Zealand and Tasmania.

The Duke and Duchess visited Australia again, touching at Adelaide and Freemantle, from which latter port the Ophir sailed for South Africa, calling at Mauritius, Durban and Capetown, and were enthusiastically received at all places. The Royal Party then left for Canada on the 23rd, and on Monday morning, Sept. 16th, accompanied by the war-ships Diadem and Niobe, cast anchor below the walls of the ancient city of Quebec.

On the morning of the Royal visit Quebec



the Ophir left Singapore for Australia, entering Melbourne harbor on May 5th. The Royal party stayed till the 9th, when the great event—the real occasion for the journey—took place, the beginning of the First Australian Commonwealth.

The ceremony took place in the Carlton Gardens in the presence of twelve thousand people. The opening ceremony was very imposing and impressive, and when His Royal Highness, after reading his speech, declared the Parliament of the Australian Commonwealth open, there arose an outburst of applause seldom heard.

was a sight well worth seeing. Quebec has a population of sixty thousand, but on that day the population was increased to 75,000 by visitors, and all day long the narrow, winding, picturesque streets were thronged.

Shortly after twelve o'clock the Duke and Duchess landed, at the same place where, forty years earlier, the present King entered Quebec. The Royal Party was welcomed by the Governor-General and the Premier to Canadian soil. The procession then started for the Parliament Buildings amidst loyal cheers.

At Quebec the royal train was waiting to



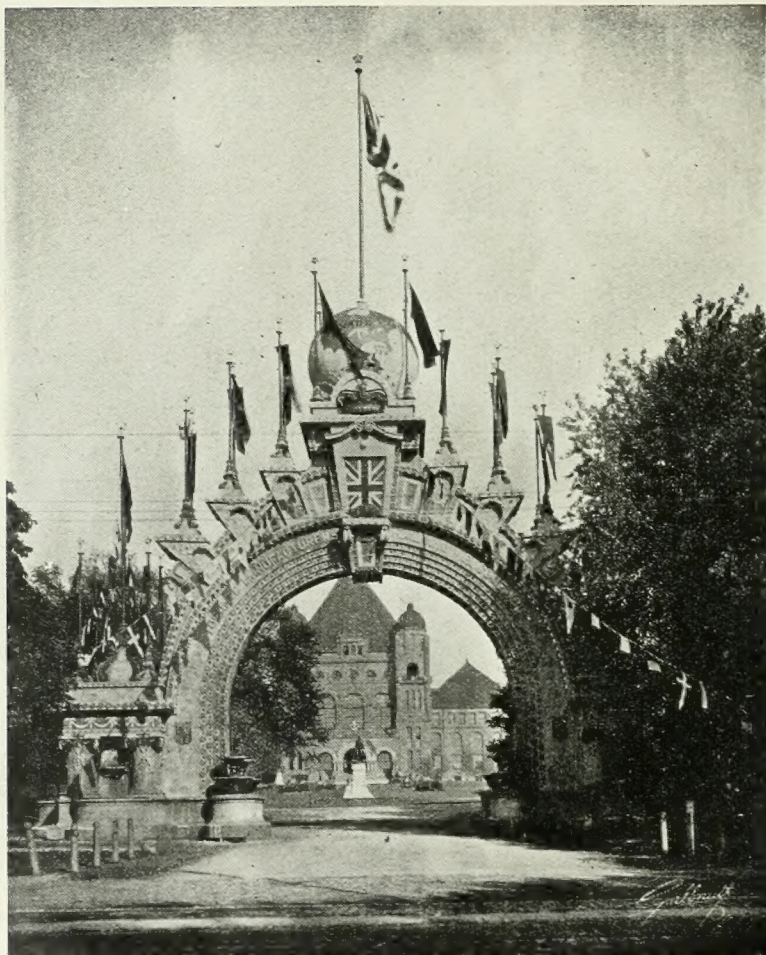
THE ROYAL PARTY

AT QUEENS ROYAL HOTEL, NIAGARA-ON-THE-LAKE

Commodore Winsloe,	Mrs. Derek Keppel,	Lady Mary Lygon,	Lord Wenlock,	Miss Grenfell,	Major Maud,	Mrs. Maud,
Lord Minto,		H.R.H. the Duke		H.R.H. the Duchess		Lady Minto,
		of Cornwall and York		of Cornwall and York.		

Entered according to Act of Parliament of Canada in the year 1901, by Alexander Galbraith, at the Department of Agriculture.





receive the Duke and Duchess for their long land journey—the longest that can be taken on British territory. At Montreal a great welcome was accorded their Royal Highnesses, the decorations were lavish and the night illuminations superb.

Rightly enough it was at Ottawa where the royal cavalcade stayed the longest. The Royal guests were received by the Mayor and Premier, and conducted to the House of Commons.

In Winnipeg, Calgary and several other towns demonstrations were made; and now Toronto has shown that she cannot be outdone in this respect.

Wherever the Duke and Duchess have gone they have left a very good impression in the hearts of the Canadian people.

The Pleasures and Advantages of Keeping a Dog.

There is in the first place, the extremely agreeable state into which one is every now and then put by personal contact with the dog whose kindness, leading him to very familiar friends, causes your clothes to be sometimes sprinkled with herring-bone hairs, and often marked with the impression of his soiled paws. It is also very pleasant, if he happens to be a water-dog, to be besprinkled with the contents of his shaggy coat, as he shakes himself freely on coming out of his native element. How interesting too, when, the poor animal, in the spirit of sincere friendship, comes up and thrusts a nose as cold as his heart is warm into your half-closed hand, as you sit idly dreaming in your chair.

You may love your dog, but unhappily no other person does. On the contrary, all other people wonder what you can see in the animal to treat it so tenderly, and if an opportunity occurs, they are only too eager to show how they despise and loathe it. Many a secret kick does the poor creature get from friends and servants, and is done out of his most important privileges. Seldom indeed does he receive justice or kindness from anybody but yourself. If in the merest good nature he leaps upon some women, then as soon as papa comes home you may look for a note from that gentleman representing the crime in the most alarming way and demanding that you must shoot your dog, or he will have to take most serious steps. You generally manage to come out of the argument, however, without any serious injury to yourself or your dog.

Some day you may happen to take it into your head to go out for a walk, and you ac-

cordingly take your dog with you. You pass a park and think you will go in. As you are about to enter you see a sign bearing the following inscription, "All dogs found in this park will be shot." You have either to keep out and sacrifice your former plan or run the risk of having the dog shot. After vain regrets and many threats at the defenceless animal you retrace your steps, but only to find that the dog has taken advantage of your unwatchfulness, and is running all around the park at the risk of having himself shot. He however on the contrary escapes with his life, but is pursued by a burly policeman, bound on having his scalp. The dog seeks your protection, and you have difficulty in proving to the "cop" that he is not your property.

On another occasion my dog got in a fight with another. After glaring at each other for a while, they started in to show what they were made of. The result was that the other animal got nearly eaten up. The owner of the other dog complains that it was mine which first set on, while I was sure that it was his. I was afraid that I would be fined, for as they said I was directly responsible for the enemy's disreputable appearance and I was glad to get off without any serious mishap.

Strange.

Indian Treaty Day at Fort McLeod.

Three years ago, while I was in the North West, I had the opportunity of witnessing a sight which I will not forget for many years to come.

The sixteenth of October was Treaty Day. That is, the day upon which the Indians receive the money due to them from the Government. Every Indian or I should say every blood Indian receives a sort of pension for every year that he stays on the reserve.

Of course they have to spend this money, and many sharpers strike the town about this time.

For about three days before the appointed time, cow-punchers, sharpers, and Indians can be seen coming into the town, the Indians putting up wherever they can find a place to sleep and as nearly everybody in the town is willing to take boarders the cow-punchers, sharpers, etc., find lots of accommodation.

On the day following the one on which they get their money there is generally racing, sports and trials of roping steers and it is of this and what occurred there that I am going to tell of.

First they had foot races and some petty prize was given to the winner. He was a small wiry Indian who when the pistol was fired, jumped away from everybody, but one a long-legged cow-puncher, had discarded his long leather legging, boots and steason hat and was running in his bare feet. As both these men were splendid runners I watched for them in the next race, and here the cow-puncher was victorious, doing a time over one hundred yards in ten seconds. I think that either one of these men could give one of our eastern athletes a run for his money. Next there was a squaw's race which ended in a fight, but let us leave the sports and look through the crowd.

Here and there a mounted policeman in his large stedson or pony hat, white canvas suit, long tan leather jack boots and belts, etc., of the same colored leather, is riding about keeping order or stopping some sharper from working his skin game on a poor half drunken idiot of a cowboy or an Indian, for Mr. Indian is in most cases an inveterate gambler when he starts. Among the crowd we often see a tourist or a kodak fiend corraling a bunch of Indians to take their photograph. Here is where we see the cunning of the Indian illustrated.

He will pretend to be frightened and threaten to smash the kodak calling it the evil eye and the poor kodak fiend attempts to bribe him offering a pack of cigarettes or a couple of cigars but the Indian will only take money and then sometimes if he strikes a cinch, he will hit him up for fifty cents or more.

Some of these Indians make a regular business of this and dress up fantastically with feathers, frilled legging and even some of them go so far as to put on war paint. As a rule you will find that the ones who play this game are generally half-breeds who do not seem so romantic in every day life when they are dressed with a cow's breakfast hat, a blue flannel shirt, coarse salt and pepper trousers and in place of moccasins, heavy hob-nailed riveted boots.

As the crowd seems to be watching something apparently very interesting let us go and see what is is.

As we draw near, the crowd at one end opens and a man dressed in real cow-puncher style rides out. As he comes forth he is greeted with a cheer, for he is the last year's champion roper from the O. Y. ranch, and many a supporter among white and red men stake their pile on George Skelding, champion of Alberta.

There were several entries, nearly every

ranch from the surrounding country being represented.

The manner of trial is as follows: A steer is let go and given so much start, being chased in a certain direction. When the steer has reached its time limit of so many seconds start, the competitor gallops after it. He has to rope, throw, and tie the steer up. The one who does this in the least time is the winner. Now as you may imagine this is no easy feat and it is really wonderful to see the skill of some of those who have entered.

As was expected the representative from O. Y. ranch again came out ahead and as he was proclaimed the winner, he was greeted with cheers while the defeated ones grumbled out excuses about having a harder steer, or his horse being lame before the trial, and if it had not been for the diligence of the police, the thing would quite likely have ended in a scrap.

Horse racing was the next thing that attracted you and one of the most interesting events was a squaw's race.

There were about fifteen entries and of course the squaws rode astride the same as everybody does in the west. It was in this race that a sad accident occurred which marred the whole proceedings to such an extent that they were called off.

A young squaw who was riding a very spirited pony could not manage it, and consequently got a very poor start. Her husband seeing that the horse was not doing its best ran out into the track and slashed it with his quilt, the horse shied, stumbled and fell, rolling over on the poor squaw breaking her back.

It was found out that the Indian was under the influence of liquor, which in spite of the police had been smuggled in and sold to the people in the following curious manner:

Ordinary hen's eggs had been taken and the inside blown out of them, then they were filled with liquor and a small strip of some kind of adhesive oiled paper had been put over the holes.

The perpetrators of this crime which fatally were never caught as somehow or other they had heard that the police had got next to them and accordingly rode for the boundary some forty or fifty miles distant.

The Indian was put in jail but was released a short time afterwards.

As we saw that there would not be any more sports, after the accident we rode home tired out, but never the less, we were not destined to get much sleep that night for an unseen accident occurred of which I will some time relate.

The Telephone.

The telephone, as most of you are no doubt aware, is one of our most recent as well as most useful inventions, and there is not the slightest doubt but what we owe many heart-felt thanks to the man who invented it. But what I wish you to observe is the different phrases of character brought out by means of the phone, with someone at the other end of course; and just to prove the veracity of my statement, I will relate one of my experiences.

While loitering in the hall the other day, I noticed a certain youth ring up the phone. Now there is nothing very unusual in that, we all have friends, although perhaps you would not think it to look at some of us. But what struck me was the peculiar expression of his features. Have you ever seen the face of a boy about to be caned? Well, he looked like that, so I determined to remain and await further developments. I thought he was going to commit suicide, and had the good grace to order his coffin beforehand. However, finally he succeeded in getting the number, and then shaking with suppressed excitement, and with the elocution of a boy about to ask leave down town, (or to ask the loan of a livespot), inquired if he might speak to a certain Miss —, I won't give the name away. Now I know I should not have remained there in the hall, but I could not resist. After some time he succeeded in getting the person he wished, and then what a contrast! His face was now wreathed in smiles, and while hugging himself in seeming delightful anticipation, he breathed such sweet, gentle, soothing words, in a voice so soft and low as to suggest to one the cooing of a dove. What a face there must have been at the other end! and what inspiring words must have floated along that rusty old wire to cause such a transformation! Until that moment I never dreamed it was possible for a young lady to give so much real heavenly bliss, and although I am a most ardent woman-hater, I was almost tempted to recant and mentally vowed, from that moment, if I might be allowed to use the words of a popular song, "Get a lady of my own."

Notes.

There was a young lad in B. A.,
Who went to play tag one day,
His face wore a smile sublime,
If it only did last a short time
The boy that he chased the door after him
slammed,
Poor Agricola's fingers got horribly
jammed.

Cheer up Gillis there's some chance for you
if he's only been out six weeks.

An appeal for funds has been made by Smite, the president of "The society for preventing the waste of good eatibles." Needless to say it is a worthy cause and no doubt will be ably supported by the members of the society.

Reddy says he rather likes to MacKay,
(Make hay) when the sun shines.

Who said the great commander hadn't a
splendid complexion Friday night.

Look in the upper drawer its name begins
R—e.

J. P. our fifth form artist is turning out
fine work this year.

All is not cream that comes from Boh's
Jersey cow.

The College Artillery company has been in-
creased by three guns.

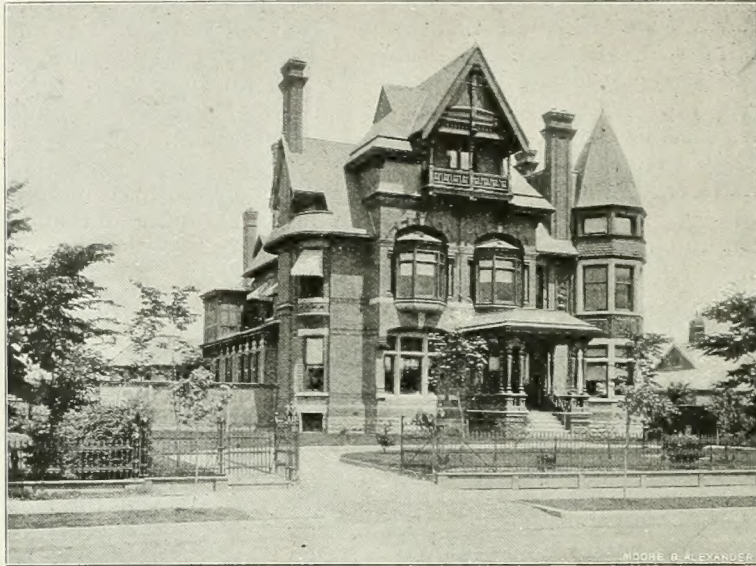
A noticeable change has come over Ma-
theson, of the bread and gravy eaters, since
he gave up eating meat.

The Juniors are very much amused at Mac-
Fayden's daily constitutional, around Ros-
dale.

Minnie showed himself to be a competent
housemaid in the Vth Form play. Better tell
Mrs. Duke. We need them. ...

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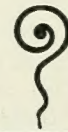
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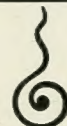


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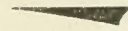
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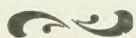


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